

# THE LITERARY MIRROR.

VOL. 1.]

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 15, 1808.

[NO. 35.]

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,  
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,  
We hither bring.

## The Traveller.

A FRAGMENT.—CONCLUDED.

AT a ball given in honour of his arrival, he saw Rosabell—was charmed with her, and having no person to consult, waited the next day on my friend, made proposals which were received with pride by Rosabell, and with transport by her father.

'Tis true, when Henry departed for his uncle's, they both wished him success; but at that time it did not seem possible that an earl would wish to form an alliance with their family: they both now saw things in a different point of view; they did not think it likely that the rich man would consent, and now they did not wish he should.—Poor Rosabell, elated by the splendid prospects which courted her acceptance, flattered by the preference of the youthful earl, & hurried by her father's ardent wishes to see her a countess, in a moment of vanity, gave her promise to become lady D—whenever her father chose; and thus she bartered happiness for wealth. From that day Henry was forgotten, or thought on with indifference, by both father and daughter; the latter contented herself with determining, when she was a lady of fortune, to promote his interest in any way of life most congenial to his disposition.

The preparations at the castle to receive its new mistress were as splendid as if she had brought thousands to her fortune. Lords and ladies were invited, and the whole town wore a face of joy and hilarity on the occasion.

On the wedding-day the sun shone, the bells rung: the gentry and farmers for miles round came to witness the ceremony. The bride, attended by several ladies of distinction, alighted on the other side of the rivulet, and was preceded by a number of young

women strewing flowers to the church door. The happy bridegroom led Rosabell through admiring crowds.—When they were about to enter the church, a man rushed past them, muffled in a horseman's coat; but they were too happy to notice him, and were immediately joined in the indissoluble bands of marriage. On their return to their carriages, they were obstructed by a crowd who were carrying the body of a man which they had taken from the water, and which they seemed to try to conceal from the view of the company. However, the bride gave one look at the poor wretch, and instantly knew it to be the body of Henry!—the man muffled in the horseman's coat, who had rushed from the church porch. She fell back in a strong fit: she recovered from the fit, but her senses were gone for ever.—Henry had seen his uncle, who, unable to withstand the anxious request of his darling boy, had given his consent to his marriage with the object of his heart's affection; and giving him notes to the amount of several thousand pounds, bid him haste to his bride, and prepare her to receive an old man who was determined to love her.

Henry instantly commenced his journey back, nor would he write, thinking to surprise his Rosabell by his quick return, and the agreeable news he brought. He entered his native town unnoticed: the bells were merrily ringing;—every face wore an air of joy.—He enquired the cause—the answer electrified him: he hastened to the church and, drawing the cape of his coat up, beheld his adored Rosabell cheerfully advancing to the spot he occupied, her hand locked in that of lord D—. Rage, despair, and madness, fired his brain;—he rushed to the river, and plunging in, sunk to rise no more, though he was an excellent swimmer, and hundreds witnessed the rash act.—

The notes were found in his pocket-book, with a letter from his uncle addressed to Rosabell, wishing her all happiness with his boy, and promising to come to the wedding. This letter

was very imprudently given to the bride who read it with silent despair.

The following Sunday the body of the unfortunate youth was carried to its early grave, by young men and maids. This plain stone explains his fate.

Rosabell is neither deterred by the summer sun, nor the winter frost from visiting this spot, and adorning the tomb of the consort Henry with the sweetest flowers. The earl indulges her in this: he will not suffer her to be deprived of liberty, but employs proper persons to attend her.

The marriage has never been consummated, and the earl who loves her with the tenderest affection, is, perhaps, the most miserable man in existence. As the sight of him added terribly to her disorder, he tore himself away, and has been travelling for more than two years, and only returned to the castle last night; hoping time had softened his lady's sorrows and resentment against him. But on seeing him, the wretched Rosabell immediately flew from the castle with horror; nor could her favourite attendant, who you beheld with her, prevail on her to return. She said the earl was her accomplice in the murder of Henry, and it would be an insult to his departed spirit if she spoke to him.

Lord D—, shocked and grieved beyond measure, left the castle at midnight, with his mind little more composed than the fair lunatic's; indeed his friends fear he will be in the same unhappy situation as his lady.

The traveller unable to conceal the strong emotions which the soldier's narrative had excited, turned abruptly from him, and with upraised eyes and clasped hands, exclaimed—"Most just and wise Sovereign of the universe! pardon the impatience of a wretch who dared to question thy justice, and who doubted thy wisdom! Oh merciful Creator! who delightest not in the miseries of the creatures thy power has formed, restore the lost reason of this victim to lenity, nor break the bruised reed! And oh! punish not a repining



Worm with the grant of wishes, which must plunge in endless woe the self-sufficient wretch who presumed to question eternal wisdom!—who because riches were denied, caviled at the dispensations of Providence, and madly and ungratefully overlooked the blessing of health and peace of mind!—From henceforth let Augar's prayer be mine:—"Give me neither poverty nor riches, lest I be full and deny thee, and say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain."

### Of goodness, and goodness of Nature.

I TAKE goodness in this sense, that affecting of the weal of men, which is that the Grecians call Philanthropia; and the word humanity (as it is used) is a little too light to express it.—Goodness I call the habit, and goodness of nature the inclination. This, of all virtues and dignities of the mind, is the greatest, being the character of the Deity; and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin. Goodness answers to the theological virtue charity, and admits no excess in error. The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess, caused man to fall: but in charity there is no excess, neither can angel or man come in danger by it. The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man; insomuch, that if it issue not towards men, it will take unto other living creatures: as it is seen in the Turks, a cruel people, who, nevertheless, are kind to beasts, and give alms to dogs and birds; insomuch as Busbechius reporteth, a Christian boy in Constantinople had like to have been stoned for gagging in a waggishness a long billed fowl. Errors indeed, in this virtue, in goodness or charity, may be committed. The Italians have an ungracious proverb, "Tanto buon che val niente;" "So good, that he is good for nothing;" and one of the doctors of Italy, Nicolas Machiavel, had the confidence to put in writing, almost in plain terms, "That the Christian faith had given up good men in prey to those that are tyrannical and unjust;" which he spake, because, indeed, there was never law, or sect, or opinion did so much magnify goodness as the Christian religion doth: therefore, to avoid the scandal, and the danger both, it is good to take knowledge of the errors of an habit so excellent. Seek the good of other men, but be not in bondage to their faces or fancies; for that is but facility or softness, which taketh an honest mind prisoner. Neither give thou *Æsop's* cock a gem, who would be better pleased and happier if he had a barley-corn. The example of God teacheth the lesson truly; "He sendeth his rain, and maketh his sun to shine upon the just and the unjust;" but he doth not rain wealth, nor shine honours and virtues upon men equally: common benefits are to be communicated with all, but peculiar benefits with choice. And beware how in making the portraiture thou breakest the pattern: for divinity maketh the love of ourselves the pattern; the love of our neighbours but the portraiture: "Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor, and follow me;" but sell not all thou hast, except thou come and follow me; that is, except thou have a vocation wherein

thou mayest do as much good with little means as with great; for otherwise, in feeding the streams thou driest the fountain. Neither is there only a habit of goodness directed by right reason: but there is in some men, even in nature, a disposition towards it; as, on the other side, there is a natural malignity: for there be that in their nature do not affect the good of others. The lighter sort of malignity turneth but to a crossness, or frowardness, or aptness to oppose, or difficulness, or the like; but the deeper sort, to envy, and mere mischief. Such men, in other men's calamities, are, as it were, in season, and are ever on the loading parts: not so good as the dogs that licked Lazarus' sores, but like flies that are still buzzing upon any thing that is raw; misanthropi, that make it their practice to bring men to the bough, and yet have never a tree for the purpose in their gardens, as Timon had: such dispositions are the very errors of human nature, and yet they are the fittest timber to make politics of; like to knee timber, that is good for ships that are ordained to be tossed, but not for building houses that shall stand firm. The parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shews he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them: if he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shews that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm: if he easily pardons and remits offences, it shews that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he cannot be shot: if he be thankful for small benefits, it shews that he weighs men's minds, and not their trash: but, above all, if he have St. Paul's perfection, that he would wish to be an anathema from Christ, for the salvation of his brethren, it shews much of a divine nature, and a kind of conformity with Christ himself.

BACON.

### Biographical.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

John Dunton, the son of John and Lydia Dunton, was born at Graffham in the county of Huntingdon, May 14, 1659, of which parish his father was then rector. He was an unsuccessful bookseller, who turned projector-general when his "Raven (the sign of his shop) was gone to roost." This dipper into a thousand books formed ten thousand projects, six hundred of which he appears to have thought he had completely methodized. Dunton was the authour of the "Athenian Gazette," a species of review, which Swift, when a young man celebrated in an ode, which he was well pleased to see admitted into that publication. Dunton's mind seemed to be like some tables, where victuals have been ill-assorted, and worse dressed; yet his narrative of his own life is a very curious performance, and abounds in literary history of an interesting nature. Though he never scribbled, according to his own account, for less than twenty shillings per sheet, he seems to have saved but little money, and to have acquired less fame, though Swift commends his "Neck or nothing." Dunton's greatest project was intended for the extirpating of lewdness from London; a scheme highly credible to the schemer, had it been practicable.—

Armed with a constable's staff, and accompanied by a clerical companion, he sallied forth in the evening, and followed the wretched prostitutes home, or to a tavern where every effort was used to win the erring fair to the paths of virtue; but these, he observes, were "perilous adventures," as the Cyprians exerted every art to lead him astray, in the height of his spiritual exhortations. Dunton was a most voluminous writer, as he seems to have had his pen always ready, and never to have been at a loss for a subject to exercise it upon. Though he generally put his name to what he wrote, it would be a difficult task to get together a complete collection of his various publications. As containing notices of many persons and things not to be found elsewhere, they certainly have their use; nor are his accounts always unentertaining.

### Modern Criticism.

It is surprising to see with what caprice some people will criticise. Good taste is not certainly the standard by which they govern their remarks. Some there are who judge of a piece of composition merely by its length, and mistaking copiousness for prolixity, they measure every thing with the same yard, that a shop-keeper would his cloth. Thus an editor's address to his subscribers must always be short, and though he may have fifty things to say at the end of the year, he must condense them all into half a column at most. A piece is certainly too long when the thought often returns, though in a different dress; but when new ideas present themselves successively, it would not be very proper so suppress them merely for brevity's sake. Those who thus applaud or condemn by inches, are generally men who are desirous of always having something to say, whether right or wrong.—Every one wishes to be thought a Longinus in his own mode. Shew a manuscript to a man, and let it be ever so correct, he must make his remarks were it only to let you see that you have not consulted in vain his judgment and good taste: shew him the same piece in print, and he is quite of a different opinion.

When I had finished the two or three first books of my translation of the *Iliad*, says Pope, lord Halifax desired to have the pleasure of hearing them read at his house. Addison, Congreve and Garth, were there at the reading. In four or five places, lord Halifax stopped me very civilly, and with a speech each time much of the same kind, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope; but there is something in that passage that does not quite please me. Be so good as to mark the places, and consider a little at your leisure—I'm sure you can give it a better turn." I returned from Lord Halifax's with Dr. Garth, in his chariot; and as we were going along, was saying to the doctor, that my lord had laid me under a good deal of difficulty by such loose and general observations; that I had been thinking over the passage most ever since, and could not guess at what it was that offended his lordship in either of them. Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment; said, I had not been long enough acquainted with Lord Halifax to know his way yet; that I need not puzzle my self about looking those places over and over, when I got home. "All



you need do, (says he) is to leave them just as they are; call on lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages, and then read them to him as altered. I have known him much longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event."

I followed his advice; waited on lord Halifax sometime after; said I hoped he would find his objections to those passages removed;—read them exactly as they were at first; and his lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out, *ay, now they are perfectly right; nothing can be better.*

### Modern Epicurism.

We often hear of Buonapartian valor, and Buonapartian policy, and Buonapartian stratagem, and all that, but the following anecdote, communicated by a French gentleman lately from Paris, will shew us that Buonapartian luxury is inferior to nothing since the time of Lucullus himself.

It has long been agreed that the finest trout in the world are to be taken in the lake of Geneva: but the fish are so delicate that it is impossible to remove them any distance without essential injury. Buonaparte who had formerly eaten them expressed his regret one day that a Genevan trout could not be had in perfection, short of travelling three hundred miles; a thing, in the present state of affairs, not to be thought of. Cambaceres, the Second Consul, and a man of wonderful culinary talents, took upon him to obviate every difficulty, and to ease the longing of his royal master, by furnishing him with trout from the lake of Geneva in perfection at his own table. Buonaparte smiled at the proposal, and thought of it no more. Cambaceres however sat himself to work in earnest to accomplish it. He ordered a regular chain of posts to be established all the way from Paris to Geneva, and at each an excellent cook, with every thing in readiness, to receive the precious morceau, act his part towards it and send it on. The trout was taken, instantly dressed and clapped over the fire at Geneva—it was hardly warined through when it was taken off the fire and delivered in a dish prepared for it, to the horseman, who went off with it full speed till he came to the first post; there a French cook received it, placed it, not yet cold, again over the fire and advanced a little further in the process; it was then delivered to a second horseman who carried it in like manner for the like purpose to a second post, where it underwent a like process in the hands of another excellent French cook, and thus it was continued till it came hot to Buonaparte's table, perfectly done, already foreating.—The First Consul smiled a second time, the courtiers all cried bravo—and decreed applause to Cambaceres, who was highly delighted at the success of his contrivance.

### The most wretched state of Man.

In a conference held between some Greek and Indian philosophers, in the presence of Chosroes, king of Persia, the following question was proposed for solution:

"What is the most wretched state in which a man can find himself in this world?"

A Greek philosopher said it was to pass a feeble old age in the midst of extreme poverty.—An Indian asserted, that it was to suffer sickness of the body accompanied by pain of the mind.—As for me, said the vizir Buzurgemhir, I think that the greatest of miseries a man can experience in this world, is to see himself near the close of his life without having practised virtue.

This opinion received the general approbation of this assembly of sages, and Chosroes ordered that it should be engraved on a marble tablet, and fixed up in the principal square of Ispahan, to offer to the people a subject of meditation, and remain an eternal lesson of wisdom. Time, which devours all things has destroyed this tablet; and in Persia, as with us, it is forgotten that the greatest of miseries in this world is to approach the close of life without having practised virtue.

### Rural Felicity.

Sweet are the pleasures of a rural life.

MANY are the silent and unenvied pleasures of the honest peasant, who rises cheerfully to his rustic labour. Look into his dwelling, where the scene of every man's happiness chiefly lies: He has the domestic endearments, as much joy and comfort in his children, and has flattering hopes of their doing well to enliven his hours and gladden his heart, as you could conceive in the most affluent station: and I make no doubt but if the true account of his joys and sufferings were to be balanced with those of his betters that the upshot would prove to be but little more than this; that the rich man had the more meat but the poor man a better stomach; the one had more luxury, more able physicians to attend and set him to rights; the other more health and soundness in his bones, and less occasion for their help; that after these two articles betwixt them were balanced, in all other things they stood upon a level; that the sun shines as warm, the air blows as fresh, and the earth breathes as fragrant upon the one as the other; and they have an equal share of all the beauties and real benefits of nature.

A bed of flowers, a grove, a level plain,

A rising hill, a field of golden grain;

A lowly cottage more true pleasure brings,

Than pomp can furnish in a court of kings.

It needs no toil to find the way to bliss;

Who makes CONTENT his guide, can never miss:

No lofty walls his heavenly flower embrace,

All wild it grows, and blooms in every place.

### The Offspring of Mercy:

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

When the Almighty was about to create man, he summoned before him the angels of his attributes, the watchers of his dominions. "Create him not," said the angel of Truth; "he will defile thy sanctuary with falsehood; although thou shouldest stamp on his countenance thine image, the seat of confidence." So spake the attributes of Jehovah; when Mercy, the youngest and dearest child of the Eternal, arose, and clasping his knees, cried, "create him, Father, in thy likeness,

darling of thy loving kindness. When all thy messengers forsake him, I will seek, and support, and turn his fault to good. Because he is weak, I will incline his bowels to compassion, and his soul to atonement. When he departs from peace, from truth from justice, the consequences of his wanderings shall deter him from repeating them, and shall gently lead him to amendment." The Father of all gave ear, and created man, a weak faltering being; but in all his faults the pupil of mercy, the son of ever active and ameliorating love!—Remember thine origin, oh man! when thou art hard and unkind towards thy brother, mercy alone willed thee to be, love and pity suckled thee at their bosoms.

### Worth.

"WORTH makes the man," Pope says and every body acknowledges the truth of the sentiment; but then the question is, what makes worth?—The moralist will tell you, "it is virtue;" but the man of the world says, "it is money." And indeed, in this age of Reason, the latter definition seems almost universally to prevail. When it is asked, how much a man is worth, the answer generally has an exclusive reference to his property.

If he has wealth, the replier to the question says, he is worth so many pounds; but if he be very poor, though he should possess the intelligence of a Newton, and the benevolence of a Howard, "He is not worth a groat." Thus the worth of a man, like that of beef and butter, is reckoned by pounds, shillings, and pence.

### Technical Dun.

The following letter was sent to a watchmaker in (Mass.) by a printer, in consequence of which the balance between them was accurately regarded.

"SIR, It having become necessary to wind up a large number of out standing accounts to prevent my running down in business, by advancing the small sum you owe me without loss of time, you will assist in keeping me in motion.

Yours, &c."

### Eccentric Advertisement.

The following advertisement of a Cow lost, is copied verbatim from a paper published a few years since in Boston. [PORT FOLIO.]

### ADVERTISEMENT.

Their was a Cow desmished last Friday, colour of a light red Cow, pretty much a short tail, not so long as other Cows tales, she is a long slim Cow, not so fat as some Cows, she is not so poor as some. This will convince any of the publick if seen such a creatur. Sir or Gentleman of honour, whoever seen or find him, turn him to Boston, to Mr. York Ruggles, tar lane, he will warn whoever bring him will be a great price, the Cow was brought up in the country, he was brought through Boston four mounths ago, also more, the Cow had four white legs, and four red legs.

P. S. He has gote lite red eyes, he is gote tall slime hornes, a little cut of the ends, he is not less than seven years old, he has got one year long and he is got one year short, and a slit in one of them, and a piece clipped of other.

YORK RUGGLES.



## Selected Poetry.

*For you ye fair I feel a joy divine,  
To gather fruit and point you to the vine.*

FROM DARWIN'S BOTANIC GARDEN.

## Lady shot in Battle.

SO stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height,  
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;  
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife  
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;  
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,  
And view'd his banner, or believed she view'd.  
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread  
Fast by his hand one lisp'ing boy she led;  
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm  
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;  
While round her brows bright beams of honor dart,  
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.  
Near and more near the intrepid beauty prest,  
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;  
Saw on his helm, her virgin-hands inwove,  
Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love;  
Heard the exulting shout, "they run! they run!"  
"Great God!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's won!"

A ball now hisses through the airy tides,  
(Some fury wing'd it, and some demon guides!)  
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,  
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;  
The red stream, issuing from her azure veins,  
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.  
"Ah me!" she cried, and, sinking on the ground,  
Kist her dear babes, regardless of the wound;  
"Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!"  
Wait, gushing life, oh, wait my love's return!  
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far;  
The angel, pity, shuns the walks of war!  
Oh, spare ye war-hounds, spare their tender age!  
On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage!"  
Then with weak arms her weeping babes caress,  
And sighing, hid them in her blood-stain'd vest.  
From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,  
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes;  
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,  
Eliza echoes through the canvass walls;  
Quick thro' the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread  
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,  
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,  
Lo dead Eliza weltering in her blood!  
Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,  
With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds;  
"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,  
"Eliza sleeps upon the dew-cold sand;  
Poor weeping babe with bloody fingers prest,  
And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast;  
Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—  
Why do you weep?—mamma will soon awake."

"She'll wake no more!" the hopeless mourner cried,  
Upturn'd his eyes, and clasp'd his hands and sigh'd;  
Stretch'd on the ground awhile intranced he lay,  
And prest warm kisses on the lifeless clay;  
And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,  
And all the father kindled in his heart;  
"Oh, heavens," he cried, "my first rash vow forgive!  
These bind to earth, for these I hope to live!"  
Round his child babes he wrapt his crimson vest,  
And clasp'd them sobbing to his aching breast.

## To the Ladies.

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tress of a Family—Different methods of cooking the  
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making Stews—On making Salads and boiling Vegeta-  
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Dishes—Fruits—Ices—Cakes—French Bread—To  
make and preserve Yeast—To pot and roast Cheese.  
—To poach Eggs—On managing a Dairy—Home  
Brewery—Cookery for the Sick—Useful Directions  
to give to Servants.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

As the directions which follow were intended for the  
conduct of the families of the authoress's own daugh-  
ters, and for the arrangement of their table, so as to u-  
nify a good figure with proper economy, she has avoided  
all excessive luxury, such as essence of ham, and that  
wasteful expenditure of large quantities of meat for  
gravy, which so greatly contributes to keep up the price,  
and is no less injurious to those who eat, than to those  
whose penury bids them abstain. Many receipts are  
given for things which, being in daily use, the mode of  
preparing them may be supposed too well known to re-  
quire a place in a cookery book; yet how rarely do we  
meet with fine melted butter, good toast and water, or  
well made coffee! She makes no apology for minute-  
ness in some articles, or for leaving others unnamed,  
because she writes not for proessed cooks. This little  
work would have been a treasure to herself, when she  
first set out in life, and she therefore hopes it may be  
useful to others. In that idea it is given to the public,  
and as she will receive from it no emolument, so she  
trusts it will escape without censure.

The best recommendation this work can have, is  
to say, that it has run through three large editions the  
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## Printing.

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Boston, June 22, 1808.

Subscriptions for the above are received at the  
Bookstore of THOMAS & TAPPAN.

## LOST.

Lost on Saturday last, a pocket  
book containing eleven hundred dollars in various notes,  
with divers other papers, of no benefit to any but the  
owner.

Whoever may find, and will return the same,  
shall be handsomely rewarded.

EZEKIEL FLANDERS.

Portsmouth, Oct. 15, 1808.

